

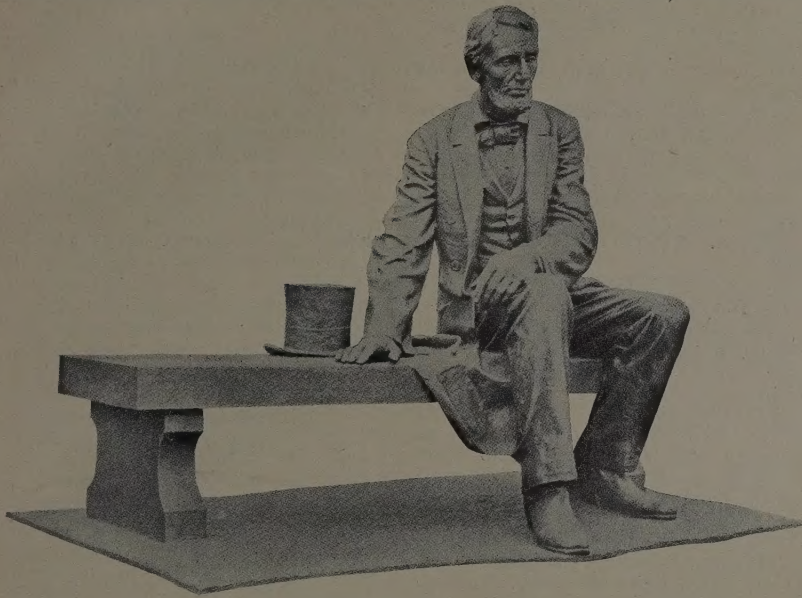
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XI. No. 19

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 6, 1921



The Lincoln Statue in Newark, N. J.

THE statue of Abraham Lincoln, reproduced above, is the work of Gutzon Borglum, a well-known American sculptor. The statue shows Lincoln seated at the end of a park bench. "It would have been unnatural," says Mr. Borglum, "for Lincoln to have monopolized the whole seat." An impressive incident connected with this statue was related by Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, in an address delivered last winter at Unity House, Boston. "In front of the Court House in Newark, New Jersey," he said, "is a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln, sitting upon a bench. Often the children on their way to and from school play around the statue or climb over the great bronze knees. Some time ago a Russian immigrant, who could speak

no English, was seen standing in front of the statue, holding the hand of his little girl, who had just come from school. In their native tongue she was explaining to him who Abraham Lincoln was, how he lived, what he said, and how he died. The great bearded Russian listened for a time with impassive countenance. Then suddenly his face was swept by a gust of strong emotion. Lifting up the little girl in his rough, knotted hands, he held her toward the statue while she imprinted a kiss on the furrowed cheek of Abraham Lincoln." "That," added Dr. Faunce, "is Americanization! That means far more than taking any oath to support the flag. That means understanding of the American principle, the American ideal, and of our great American leaders."

"Shoot!"

BY BAYARD DANIEL YORK.

"HERE—Red!" "Y-a-ah!" "Shoot!" The shriek of the referee's whistle and the shouts of the Tilden High School fellows announced that the ball had fallen straight and true into the basket. "Good boy, Carl—puts us in the lead again!"

Carl Potter nodded in response to "Red" Linton's words and took his position—just as the whistle blew for the end of the first half.

Carl ran to the dressing-room. It was Tilden's second basket-ball game; and the opposing team had shown unexpected strength. Carl was a bit proud of that long throw which had put his team two points ahead.

In the dressing-room, Rogers, the coach, called the fellows about him.

"Who taught you to play this way?" he demanded. "You've been going every man for himself. I want some teamwork. Understand? Especially you, Potter. Don't hurl the ball from the middle of the floor on the wild chance of making a basket—pass it to some one who is nearer. We ought to have had a score of about 30 to 10 against those fellows. Remember now—no long shots next half."

Anger surged into Carl's heart—anger and astonishment. He had made the points that put the team ahead, and he was being called down for it!

The remainder of the game proved somewhat one-sided—Tilden winning easily.

As Carl left the "gym" after the game, Bert Conway dropped into step beside him. Carl was the president and Bert

the secretary of the Tilden High School Debating Club.

"Jim Hayden spoke to me about the next debate," Bert said, as they walked along. "He'd like to have it postponed for two weeks. I think"—

"Not much!" Carl interrupted. "That date was set two months ago. The fellows must be ready on time."

"I was hoping maybe we could put the date along," Bert remarked. "I may have to go out of town on the seventeenth."

"That will be all right—I can look after the records for you," Carl said. "Of course I hope you can be there."

They had reached Bert's corner. He hesitated a moment, as if he were going to say more—then turned.

"Well—good-night!" he murmured.

Carl walked on alone. For some reason he felt depressed and somewhat ill at ease.

"It's the Club," he decided. "Things aren't going right. The fellows hang back. I go ahead and do most everything myself—and then the others fall down on even the little I ask of them."

It was true that in the last part of the game he had disregarded the coach's instructions and tried two long shots, one of which scored and one failed. But this did not worry him—if Rogers did not like it, he was ready to talk the matter out with the coach.

"Guess a fellow's a right to play his very best," Carl told himself. "Anyway, that's my principle—in basket-ball, in the Club, or anywhere else. A fellow's got a right to make the very most of every chance he has."

He entered the house, announced the result of the game to his father and mother, considered the headlines in the evening paper for a minute, and then went upstairs to his room.

The question of making the most of every opportunity was still in his mind. About a week ago he had entered the annual Declamation Contest, dropping into the box in the principal's office a slip of paper with his name and the title "Progress"—this being an anonymous and dramatic oration which he had discovered in a book in the library.

It happened, however, that Lester Boyd had entered the same title at very nearly the same time. The principal had decided that Carl's entry had been made first.

Carl threw off his coat and stood before his desk, with puckered eyebrows.

"I wish it had been some one other than Lester," he murmured.

The thought was in his mind that Lester Boyd was a fellow who needed both the money and the honor of winning the contest while he himself really needed neither.

Three weeks passed—and the basket-ball team received a bad jolt. Meredith High not only won the game, but it won by the impressive score of 42 to 11. Carl failed to make a single point for his team.

The next afternoon, as Carl was try-

ing to forget the disappointment of the game and focus his mind on Ancient History, Jim Hayden dropped in.

"Bert has resigned as secretary of the Club," he said.

"He has!" Carl exclaimed.

"So he just told me," Jim said. "It's too bad—Bert is a real worker. He's quiet, but he really does a lot—more than he gets credit for, sometimes."

"But why did he resign?" Carl demanded.

Jim hesitated a moment.

"He didn't give any reason," was all the reply he made.

Carl grunted.

"Troubles never come singly, do they?" he commented.

He was to find more trouble waiting for him. At basket-ball practice the coach called the fellows together on the "gym" floor.

"I've been expecting something like this defeat," he said. "In spite of all I've said, you fellows don't play as a team. Some of you have tried to—some haven't even tried. Do you want to beat Winslow Academy?"

The Winslow game was the big game of the season. There was a chorus of "yes's" in answer to the question.

Carl felt the force of the coach's piercing glance for a minute.

"This is an age of co-operation, of teamwork," the man said slowly. "In business, in school-life, in athletics, the fellow accomplishes most who learns the trick of working *with* others. That doesn't mean not doing your best individually—it means doing your best in the right way, not the wrong way."

He smiled slightly.

"I remember the headlines after the Yale-Princeton football game two years ago—'brilliant individual work by Rogers,'" he said. "What the newspapers called individual play was really one of the most beautifully executed pieces of teamwork I know of. Every one of eleven men was in the play—every one of eleven men had his part to do—and did it! I got most of the credit, improperly, because I happened to be the man who carried the ball."

He leaned forward earnestly.

"Play the game," he cried; "whether on the 'gym' floor, on the gridiron, in the schoolroom, or in the bigger world outside, so that you will bring out the best in others as well as the best in yourselves. And now, coming right down to brass tacks, we've just two weeks and one day to get ready for Winslow. If we can learn to play together, each for the good of the whole team, I believe we can beat Winslow. What do you say?"

With a suddenly sinking heart Carl heard Rogers call the lineup—with a "sub" in Carl's place, and he himself relegated to a place on the second team.

He started play with wild fury—he would make shots that would astonish Rogers. He would prove that the coach was wrong.

Then, all at once, he stood still. Rather strangely, he was not thinking of basket-ball at all, but of the Club and of Lester Boyd.

Each for the good of all! Vaguely to Carl's mind came thoughts of Bolshevism, of labor strikes, of profiteering,—things which had been taken up in the club debates. Was teamwork the big thing

that was needed, as Mr. Rogers had suggested?

As soon as practice was over, he slipped away and walked homeward by a round-about route. He wanted to think.

He was nearly home when he turned abruptly and walked rapidly toward the somewhat unattractive part of the city in which Lester Boyd lived.

"I'm going to drop out of the contest," he told Lester. "And I want you to give 'Progress.'"

"Oh—you musn't drop out!" Lester said.

"Yes, I must," Carl replied grimly. "I've just been put off the basket-ball team—and I'm going to climb back on again if I have to use a rope-ladder. You'll give that oration better than I could anyway—it suits your manner."

"It's good of you to let me do it," Lester said.

On his way back he looked up at the sound of a step.

"Hello, Bert!" he called. "Wait a minute—I'll walk a block with you."

He stepped briskly along beside the other fellow.

"I've been thinking about that next debate," Carl said. "I think we can all do better work if we have another week to get ready in. If we put it off until the twenty-fourth, can you be there all right?"

"I've resigned," Bert said rather shortly.

Carl looked up with a smile.

"Not really, Bert—not really," he said. "We can't have you resigning. In the whole Club there is no one else who can do the secretary's work as well as you. You just forget that resigning business—there are some big questions coming up and I need a lot of help. I depend on you."

"Do you mean," Bert asked, "that I can help the Club if I keep my position?"

"You can help a lot," Carl told him.

"All right," Bert responded. "I want to help the Club all I can."

"That's the idea," Carl replied heartily. "We need more teamwork."

For two weeks Carl practiced, thought, and dreamed basket-ball. Every day he went to the "gym" by himself. But instead of trying to throw the ball into the basket he practiced "passing." From every spot on the floor he hurled the ball again and again to an imaginary player near the basket.

But when the big game began it looked as if his work had been more or less in vain—for Carl was not in the line-up. The first half ended with the score 17 to 12 in Winslow's favor.

"A little more speed, a little more accuracy in passing—and we'll win," Rogers said in the intermission.

But when play was resumed, the best that the Tilden fellows could do was to keep their opponents from increasing their lead. With the end of the game near, the score was 28 to 24, still in Winslow's favor—and then Carl was sent in.

For a moment the boy's knees trembled—then as the whistle blew for play to begin and the wild rush of play surged around him, he felt himself growing calm.

Suddenly he found the ball in his hands. He whirled, and with the accuracy which he had learned hurled it to "Red" Linton, near the basket. "Red's" arms swung. There was a wild shout. The ball had fallen into the basket!

Twice more Carl got the ball; twice more he whirled and shot it to "Red"—and twice more "Red" caged the ball!

The six points gave Tilden the lead.

And just as the shrieking whistle ended the game, Carl heard a long cheer for "Red." He smiled. He was satisfied—for he knew that he had done his best in the right way.

Suppose.

BY MARJORIE DILLON.

SUPPOSE you haven't money
With which to buy to-day
A valentine with verses fine,
And hearts and Cupids gay.

Suppose you're kind and thoughtful,
And loving every way,
And do your part, with all your heart
To make a gladsome day.

Suppose you keep a-smiling,
So full of joy and cheer
That you will be—just try and see—
A valentine all year!

Borrowed Booty.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.

"JUST see this shower of silver! Did you even guess there were so many dollars and quarters in Platteville?" Annette Bradley proudly rained the silver fruit of the Melody Makers' toil onto the dining-room table and surveyed it triumphantly. "Over forty dollars, mother! Think of it!" the treasurer of the class exclaimed joyously. "So Mrs. Abbot's rug and library table are ours. If only we could afford the phonograph, too! But with the chairs and pictures we girls have accumulated through donation and sacrifice, I see myself sitting in the coziest little class-room in town. But how we have worked!" she sighed with mingled weariness and satisfaction as she dropped the money back into the box, its clink-clink making real music in her ears. "That is, all but Marcia Parry," she amended with a trace of resentment. "She didn't exert herself much." She set the treasure-box on her father's desk, in order that he might lock it away overnight for her.

As she helped her mother with the supper, for which her twin brothers were howling in their customary famine-stricken fashion, Annette sketched the day's events to her interested best chum. The Melody Makers had planned a cheerful, homey class-room for months, and it was enterprising Annette who had discovered a way of furnishing it at once.

"Mrs. Abbot is at last giving up to go East and live with her son," Annette had telephoned Clare Marshall, the class president, several weeks before. "The poor woman is half-blind with cataracts, you know. She has a pretty rug and library table,—just what we're looking for,—and we can have both for forty dollars. O Clare, we must all get together and pull!"

Energetic Clare had immediately called a special business meeting of the class, and the pre-Easter sale of novelties was the idea agreed upon. Every girl in that wide-awake, fortunate class happened to be musical in one way or another, and their adored young teacher, who was just

out of college, had suggested the class name. The Melody Makers had lived up to their name, not only in their clever playing on several different instruments, but in the happy fact that they themselves were always harmonious. No unpleasant discord had ever jarred the congenial spirits of the friends,—that is, not until that new girl, Marcia Parry, had appeared in their midst one fateful Sunday.

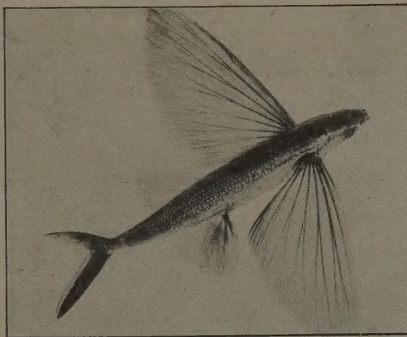
Perhaps her welcome had not been quite so cordial as that extended her predecessor, Helen Ainsley. But then Helen was a girl in a lifetime, every one agreed. She was so charming and winsome, so friendly in spite of the fact that she possessed the finest home, the most expensive car, and the prettiest clothes of any of the girls, and was a talented pianist besides. Marcia, by contrast, was unusually diffident, and so reserved that some of the Melody Makers decided that she deliberately shunned their advances. Then although Marcia was invariably neat and trim, her clothes bore the unmistakable stamp of made-overs, and were limited in quantity. "She just isn't a natural M. M.," Annette had sighed confidentially to Clare. "Does she play or anything? I haven't had a chance to talk to her five minutes alone, but I guess she isn't musical or some of the others would know. If only we could acquire a real singer, we'd have a class orchestra and soloist! Then wouldn't we entertain those Beacon girls, and return their hospitality with a flourish!"

When the sale of Easter candies and favors was decided on, Helen Ainsley was made chairman of the committee. Her duty had been to ascertain what articles the girls would furnish, and to collect and arrange them in the room adjoining the office occupied by Clare's father. That Helen had carried the whole affair through to a successful finish, Miss Peggy, the teacher, and all the girls realized with satisfaction and pride. Indeed, the only girl who had not gladly spent every available moment of her time on the job before and during the sale was Marcia, the apparent discord in the class harmony.

"Has she even stuck her head in the door?" demanded Annette of Clare when Easter eggs, candy and colored, yellow candies, and hand-painted place-cards and greetings were going "like hot cakes in camp," as Clare put it.

"She came early this morning, after I had just unlocked, and left a dozen cunning yellow cooky eggs," Clare replied. "Baked them in hollow shells, and a friend of Miss Peggy's bought them on sight. So she did something," she admitted reluctantly, "but she didn't offer to stay and do a thing."

"I know why," Helen's sweet voice offered quick explanation. "She told me when I called there to see what she could furnish. I'm afraid she and her folks have quite a struggle." Helen's tone was sympathetic now, and the others felt a twinge of conscience as she continued during a sudden lull in business. "The minute Marcia gets home from school and can take care of little lame Teddy, and look after the house, her mother goes to old Judge Hallam's to take dictation. She does stenographic work and he's writing a state history, you know. I imagine she works till quite late, and as Billy,



The Flying Fish of Catalina.

BY ALICE FESSENDEN PETERSON.

THIRTY miles out from the Southern California coast lies a beautiful island, unique in its picturesque mountains and canyons, its silvery beaches where moonstones may be picked up like pebbles, its marvellous submarine gardens with forests of giant kelp through which swim brilliantly colored fish, its flock of wild goats that roam over the rocky peaks that stretch for miles in the interior of the island.

Some peculiarity of the waters adjacent to the bold coast of this interesting island attracts all kinds of fish, from the huge tuna and swordfish weighing hundreds of pounds to the little flying fish, millions of which inhabit the clear quiet depths close to the rocky shore of Catalina.

No stranger sight can be imagined than these legions of little fish popping up in every direction to scud through the air, wing-fins outspread, and tail vibrating like the propeller of an airship.

The small ones make short flights, but the larger specimens, which grow sometimes to a length of about fourteen inches, will speed high over the surface of the water for several minutes, closely resembling a gull in their graceful flight. They make considerable noise when they start up out of the water, and they splash back into it at the end of their air journey with a resounding plop.

It is a weird sight at night, when the passing steamers turn their powerful searchlights upon the water, to see the thousands of silvery "flyers" darting up out of the waves to spin along like fairy hydroplanes, then dropping back again with a continual splashing noise as though it was some kind of a merry game they were playing.

Marcia's young brother, works at odd jobs after school, the poor girl has all the responsibility of— No, we haven't a single chocolate egg left, but these pink ones are fine," Helen turned smilingly to reply to an inquiring customer. And as the others were busily occupied in making change, wrapping purchases, and clearing away, there was no further opportunity to resume the puzzling topic of the "Discord," as Annette privately dubbed Marcia.

"You haven't forgotten that we promised to run over and tell Grandpa Lyman good-bye after supper?" reminded Annette's mother as they took up supper. Annette sighed as she thought of the hot bath and early-to-bed programme she had planned on her way home at the end of a perfect but strenuous day.

"Oh, dear, I had forgotten! But I'll go. I promised to bring my violin and play 'Humoresque' once more for him," Annette said conscientiously. "Only let's not stay late, mother," she coaxed as she summoned the twins, known to unfeeling neighbors as "the terrors," to supper. "I put the treasure on your desk, father," she remarked as she and her mother prepared later for their call. "Safety first, when so much depends on it. What on earth are they up to now?" She listened intently as sounds of yodeling interspersed with cat-like howls issued from the backyard.

"Initiation, I believe," her mother replied with resignation. "A ceremony in the garage and the clan goes down the alley to Moore's for 'eats.' But I limited them to nine o'clock." She turned to good-natured Mr. Bradley, who, having surreptitiously donned his most decrepit bedroom slippers, was enjoying the evening paper. Just then the doorbell rang and Annette admitted a client of her father's and ushered him into the den, after which she and her mother made a hasty exit.

The household was apparently and entirely in the Land of Nod when Annette and Mrs. Bradley returned after a much longer stay than they had anticipated. "Father locked away the money with only one telling," yawned Annette, who glanced toward the desk before starting upstairs. Father was decidedly absent-minded as a rule. She peeped into the boys' room and giggled to see them fast asleep and resembling perfect cherubs,—the one and only occasion on which such a resemblance was noticeable.

But with the morning came an unexpected blow to the complacent treasurer of the Melody Makers. At breakfast the telephone rang. It was Clare, and Annette's cheery answer: "Yes, I'll be ready when you come. We'll go right out and spend all our wealth," produced a peculiar effect on Tom and Theo, the twins. Tom choked on his mush, Theo bolted his, as like two souls with but a single thought they fairly melted out of the house and overflowed into the back yard.

"You've been an obliging banker, father, and if you'll let me have the key I'll bring forth the treasure and add it again, to make sure," Annette gaily held out a confident hand, but a familiar expression on her father's face warned her of impending disaster, and with a sinking sensation she heard him apologize: "Daughter, I forgot all about it. I talked over that man's case for an hour, then finished the paper and rounded up the boys. But I never once remembered about that box!"

Annette, rather white and shaky, was out on the trail of the twins. She found them evidently on the scene of the crime, digging furiously, and their faces, as they turned toward her, were furtive proofs of guilt.

(To be continued.)

Spirit of Lincoln! Summon all thy loyal;
Nerve them to follow where thy feet have
trod,
To prove, by voice as clear and deed as
royal,
Man's brotherhood in our one Father—
God.

IDA VOSE WOODBURY.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

KINGSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—For a long time I had intended to write to you. I am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade. Mr. Andrews is our minister. This year our class has been tracing pictures of the things used by the people in Bethlehem, Judea, etc.

My father is in France since 1914, when the war broke out. I am French and hope some one of the Beacon members will write to me.

Your interested reader,

SUZANNE CRETINON.

5 HENSHAW TERRACE,
WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear the pin. I am eight years old. I go to the Theodore Parker Church.

I have not missed a Sunday of Sunday school this year and have attended church every Sunday since the first of October.

Sincerely yours,

LYDIA A. CLAY.

For Temperance Sunday, February 6.

Arranged by Lyman V. Rutledge, of the
Unitarian Temperance Society.

I.

O H, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
How good is man's life the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

BROWNING.

II.

We observe Temperance Sunday because *Temperance*—which means self-control—brings health and happiness. Sometimes the things we wish most to do are the things which require more strength than we have. The earlier we begin to learn self-control, the better and stronger our lives will be.

III.

THE SOLDIER WHO STAYED BEHIND.

The most disappointed boy I have seen in many a day was a young Italian, just naturalized, who came up to me one Sunday and begged me to get him into the Army. It was just after the United States had entered the war.

"What hinders you?" I asked.

"They say I am not strong enough."

"You look fit."

"Yes, but they say I did not take care of myself when I was small. I did not stand up straight, I did not walk right, I was careless, and now I need a surgical operation."

"Are you willing to take it?"

"Of course, if it is possible."

"Then we will make it possible."

So he went to the hospital, and in a few weeks was ready to try again for the Army. But on Sunday he turned up as usual at church!

"What happened?" I asked. "I thought you would be in camp."

"They will not take me," he replied with trembling lip. "I am not fit, I am not strong enough."

"All the better for us. We need you here at home."

"But I want to fight for my country, my new country, the United States. We must fight for our country if we are men. Is there not some way I can join the Army?"

"What can you do?"

"I can use tools. I am a cabinet-maker. I work in a piano factory. Surely there is work I can do in the service."

After four or five attempts he was admitted as a mechanic, went to the training camp, and in a few weeks came back in uniform to tell us that he was going across. In uniform he sailed away, and as a mechanic followed the Army close to the battlefields.

One day, while at work, he was summoned by an officer. "My messengers are gone. Take this dispatch to Captain Rand. The lives of a regiment depend on your speed." It was the chance he had prayed for to get nearer the battle-line. Diving into shell-holes, dodging from mound to mound, creeping, racing, he made his way to Captain Rand.

"Saved," said the Captain, as he handed the note to his lieutenant.

"Saved," repeated the messenger, and dropped to the ground.

"Here, take care of the lad," said the Captain to his orderly; "he is exhausted."

"He is gone," said the orderly after a pause.

"He was not strong enough," said the Lieutenant, but the Captain replied, "If his spirit could have had your legs, he would have been a general by now."

504 NORTH CARROLL STREET,
MADISON, WIS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Madison and get *The Beacon* every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Blt-terman. Our minister's name is Mr. Haydon. I haven't missed one day in Sunday school this year, and I think I am going to get a Bible.

I would like to be a member of the Club and wear the pin.

Yours truly,

RUTH DAWSON.

P.S. I wish some of the members would write to me.

3007 CAMBRIDGE PLACE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Miss Marsh. We are studying "Heroic Lives" now and I enjoy it very much. Our minister's name is Dr. Ulysses G. B. Pierce. I am eleven years old and if any members of the Beacon Club would like to write to me I would be glad to answer. I enjoy the enigmas very much and try to do many of them.

Your faithful reader,

MIRIAM LLOYD.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXIX.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 16, 3, 4, 11, is good to eat.
My 23, 8, 1, 20, is worn by men.
My 15, 14, 13, 19, 18, 25, 20, is what is left.
My 27, 2, 18, 10, 3, 16, 20, 14, 15, is a symbol.

My 6, 9, 22, 28, is where treasures are kept.

My 22, 26, 25, is part of a fish.

My 7, 24, 9, 4, is the highest point.

My 17, 5, 10, 13, 26, 20, is one living in solitude.

My 12, 21, 13, 14, is a part of many.

My whole is the first play produced in America.

A BEACON CLUB MEMBER.

ENIGMA XL.

I am composed of but 9 letters.

My 6, 1, 9, is a boy's nickname.

My 2, 8, is a pronoun.

My 4, 7, 3, 5, means not any.

My whole is one of the United States.

E. S. C.

ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 3, 9, 13, 8, is a small stream.

My 2, 6, 9, 13, is to take water from a boat.

My 11, 12, 4, 13, is a fuel.

My 2, 9, 14, is a place to keep fuel.

My 5, 1, 7, is part of a pig.

My 12, 10, is a preposition.

My whole was a President.

PAUL DAVIS.

TWISTED DOGS.

1. Neallps.
2. Ddohlonou.
3. Ienptro.
4. Rdaaelei.
5. Leodpo.
6. Rrteeir.
7. Tipsz.
8. Bertst.
9. Sfttiam.
10. Dubigol.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.

* * * * * Substitute letters for stars. From left to right: a man's name, prophets, an animal, a consonant, a sailor, a girl's name, to forgive. Centre, from top to bottom: a wild beast.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

ENIGMA XXXV.—John Greenleaf Whittier.
ENIGMA XXXVI.—A jack of all trades is master of none.

TWISTED ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.—1. Gérôme. 2. Correggio. 3. Gutzmer. 4. Raphael. 5. Leighton. 6. Titian. 7. Bonheur. 8. Knaus. 9. Millais. 10. Millet.
A RIDDLE.—A band.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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